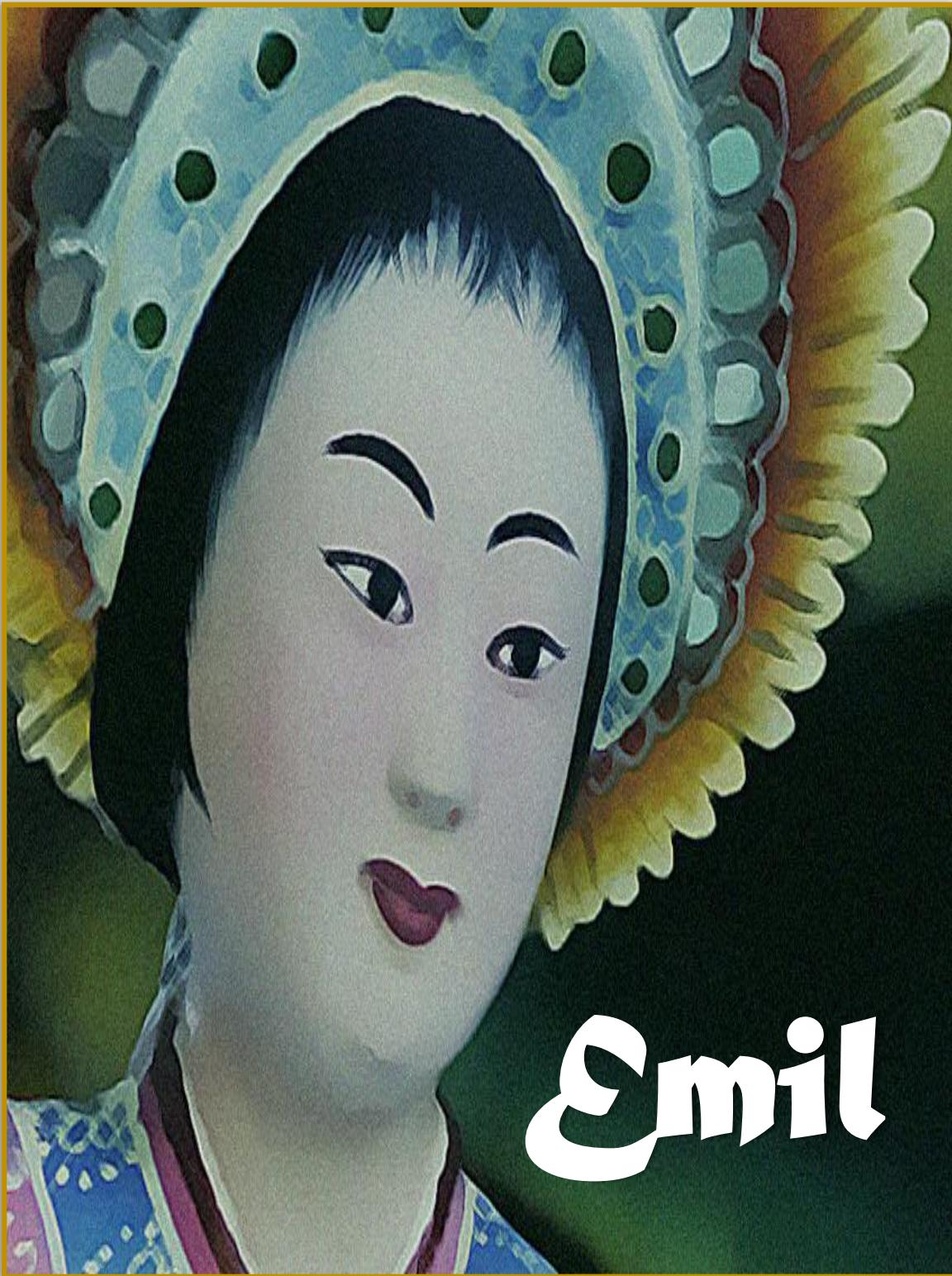


MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE



Emil

GIOVANNI METRO STOP GALLERY

MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE



GIOVANNI METRO STOP GALLERY

MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE

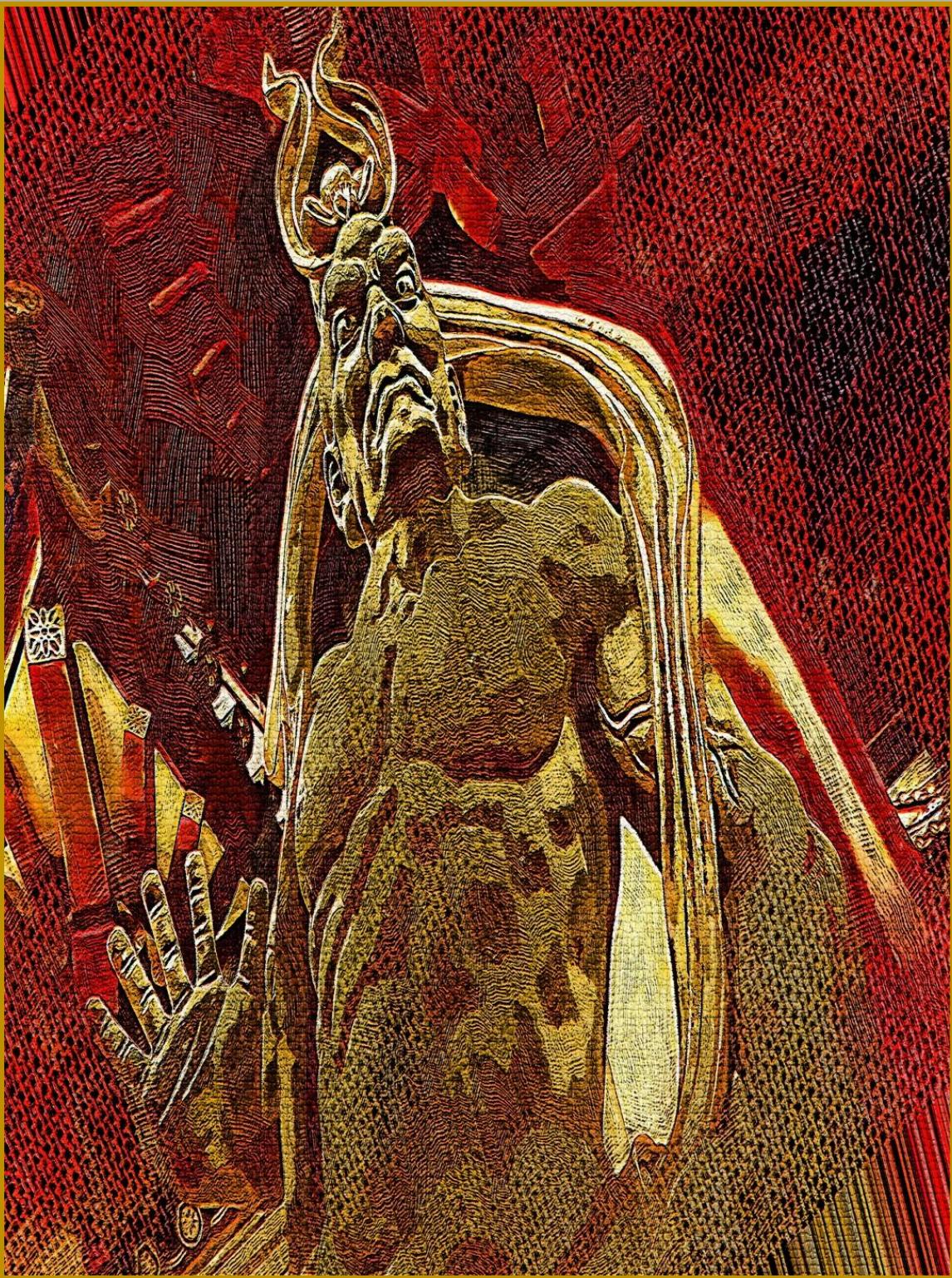
Kono Hana o Miya has the smell of an evil and untimely death conspired, compelled and as on that bright August morning; we are treated to the murmured cries of the lost souls, the sadly departed and those long forgotten.

Kono Hano o Miya means to look at the flower and to see the untraditional DeStijl-like patterns and rhymes.

Some may feel that the nature of this volume steps backwards into the introverted seclusion that I would argue had never been further removed than a step backwards...

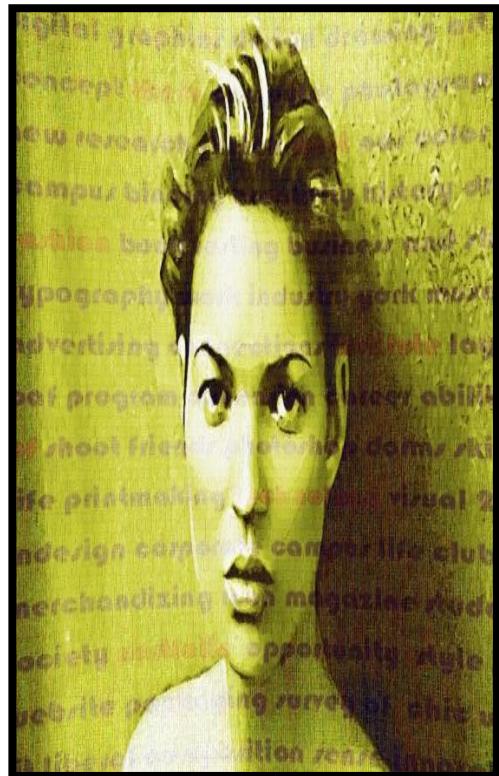
- Emil, 1983

MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE



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MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE



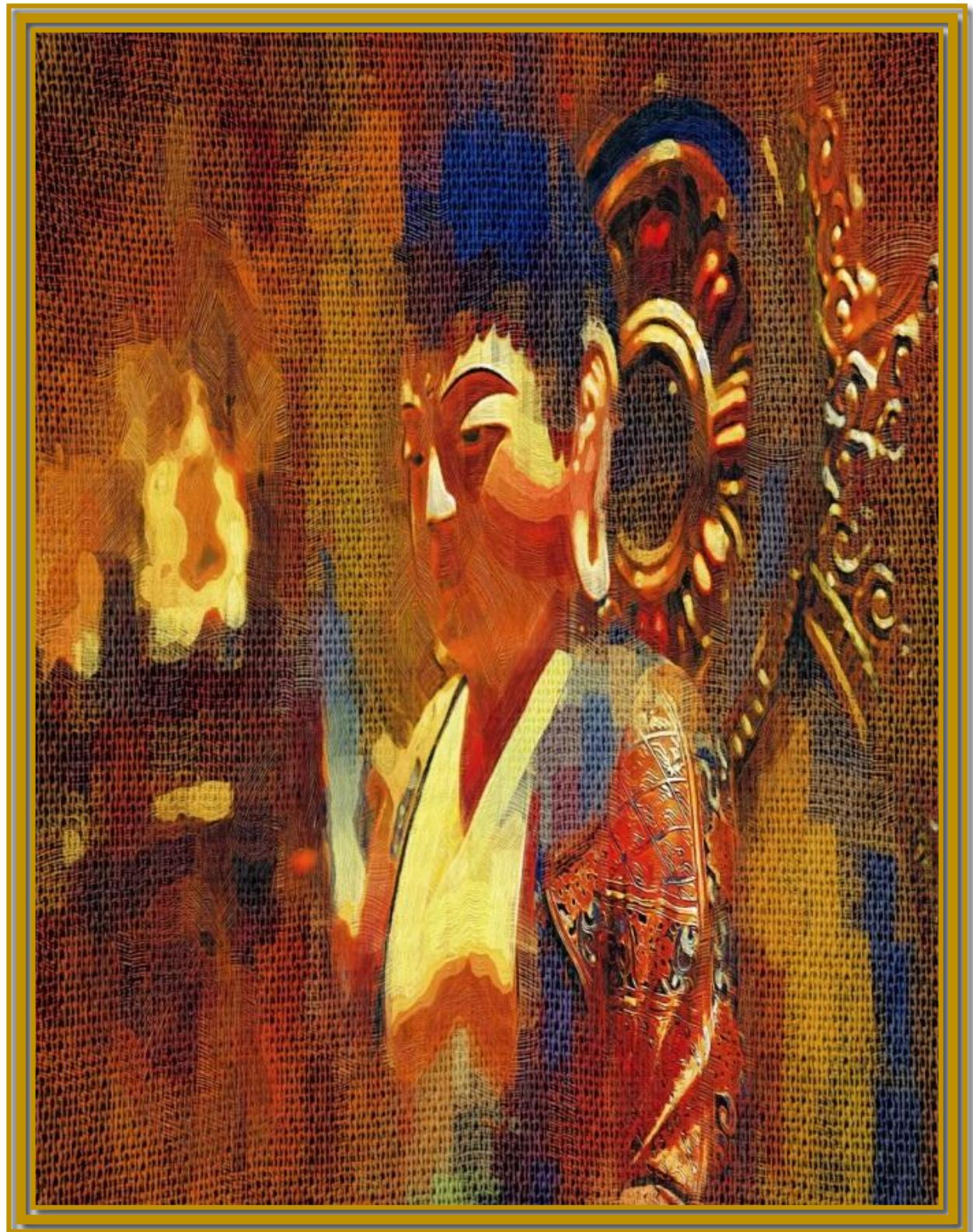
“Flowers of Edo”

The sky was serene
In sight of the inland sea
Then a flash of light
Screams shatter my broken
heart
The Lotus withers in death.
Strangers at my home
Weepers fill the empty
streets
Death stalks after me
My echoes run in silence
Hibakusha in shadows
My steps now seem slow
Sleepwalking in nightmare
dreams
A blind girl asks “raison
d’être”
Miyajima, I am now!

- Emil, 1983



MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE



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MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE

“YOUNG BABY CRY NOT”

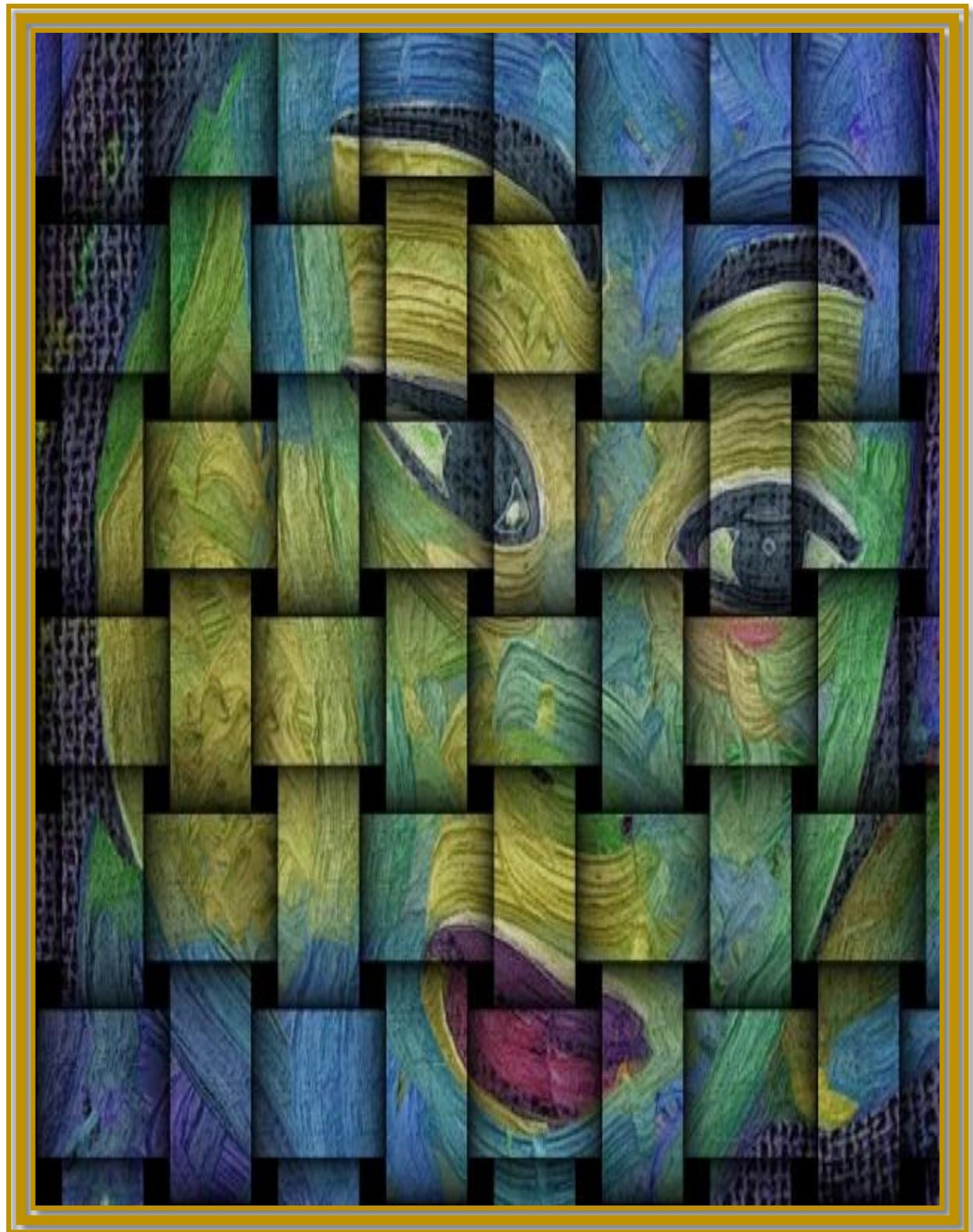
*Young Baby Cry Not
Sitting lost in childhood games
Amongst brick rubble
Repeating the rhymed Koan
Slender Stamen bent under...*

*Young Baby Cry Not
Images in a Dark Shadow
Staring out at him
Dotting Surrounding brick walls
Dancing around in hand
Young Baby Cry Not
Swinging, thrown in and about
Holding Charred Hands
Up into surreal skies
Stamen clinched in his hands...*

- Emil, 1984



MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE



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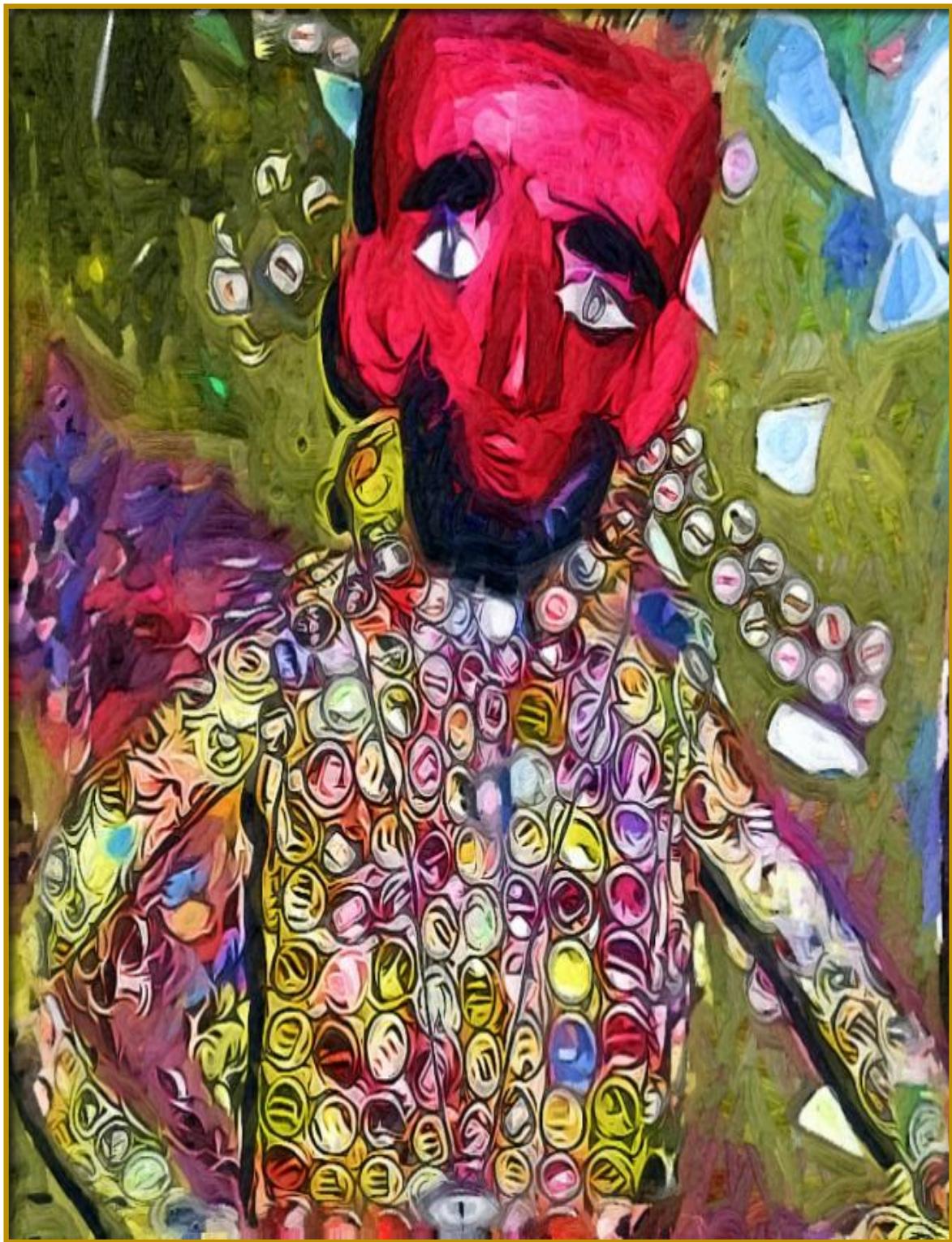
MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE



"JIZO"

Talking with the JIZO
Jizo okagesama de
Junshi at the dawn
Saying “Shikat Aganai”
Kono Hana o Miya...

MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE



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MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE

Standing up Crisp

Gris-Gris lain in the grass

Shudder, as we pass

Voodoo Chants, wild echoes in dark

Dizzy, Liquored grog dreams.

Working girl's grisette

Not in fine "*gros de londres*"

Foolish Miss Deirdre

Diluted dreams lost in groans

Faded rosebuds look on down.

Wild Voodoo rived rites

Sung out in Chantey rhyme schemes

Listless machetes

Gris-Gris curse them who speak

Grasshopper banisters smile.

- Emil, 1984

MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE



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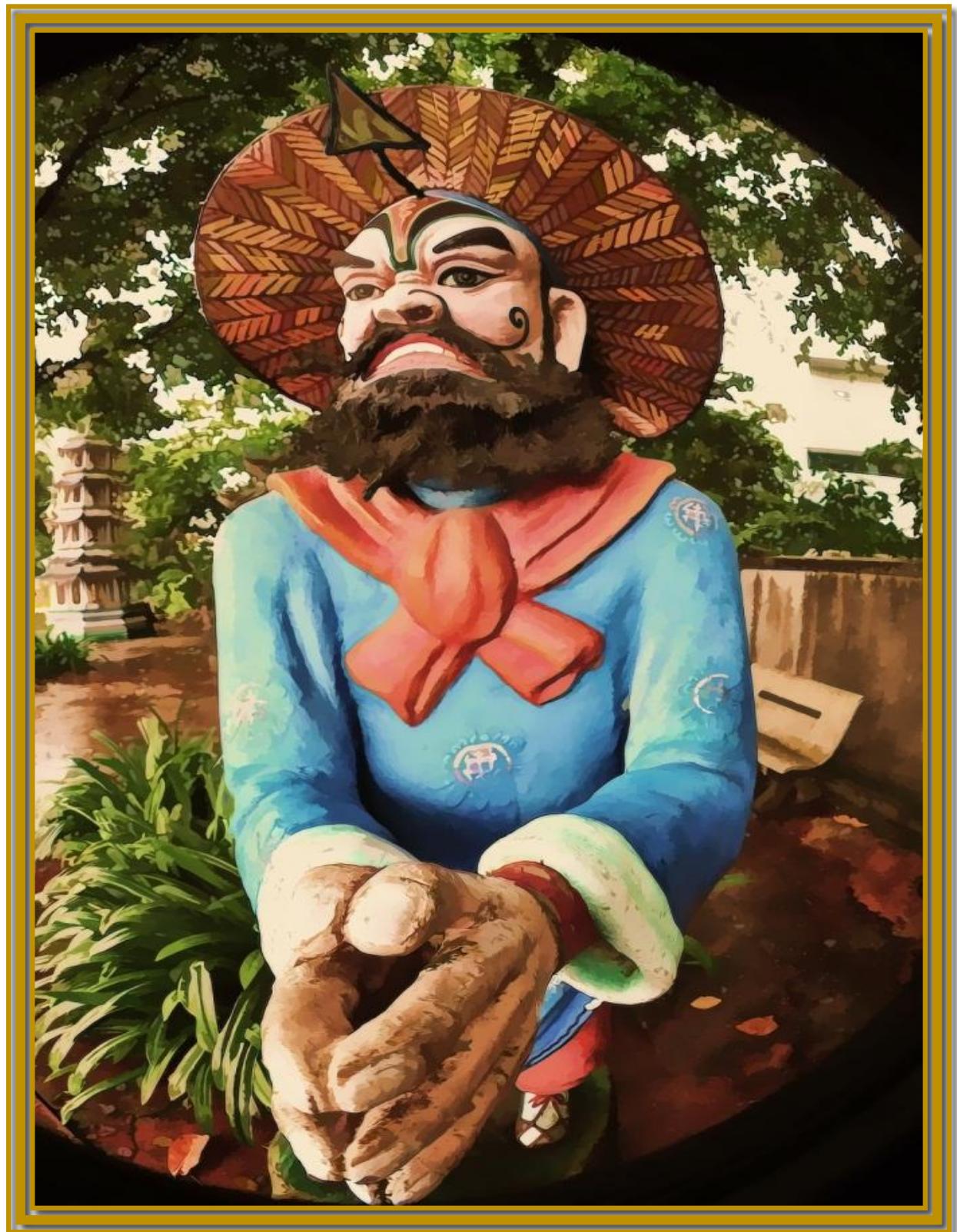
MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE

“SATIN SHARI”

Satin-like Shari
Wrapped around
Draped over you
Flowing downwards
Gracing Lovely Ankles
Stained in Sarin
All Torn Apart
From sarous
sarcomatous
Lifted out of sight
Saved in spite
Injected with
norepinephrine
Impending doom
Waves come in crashing
Satin-like Shari
Forever now apart.



MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE



GIOVANNI METRO STOP GALLERY

MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE

“ANTIPHON OF SHOPHAR”

Plukken by Plectrum

Shallow swonos of the Shophar

Apocrifa ascriben of

Psilocin breuen Brims

Ptoma Ruschen to piptein

Pyralis embracened

Fluidus mocion motet

Darvesh's darsana at the gate.

Ptolemikos deifiens

Anointen into the Kultur

Kolnedra siddur

Antiphon of Ashadia

Huschened apostasie

*(Written with the original and/or
Mid-Eastern Word spellings -1982)*

MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE



GIOVANNI METRO STOP GALLERY

MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE

GUIDE TO UNDERSTANDING

Kono Hano o Miya = Look at the flower

Junshi = Ritual Suicide

Nisei = A man without qualities

Mujo = Change

Kaze = Wind

No Eiyu = Hero of the

Shikat Aganai = (Slang) cannot be helped

Jode Shin = True pure Land (Heaven)

No = on, of...on the...of the

Urameshiya = I bear a grudge against

Ottamu = Mourning

Akirame = Resignation

Jizo = A Buddha Deity, a small statue found by the side of the road; throughout Japan to bless a traveler's sojourn

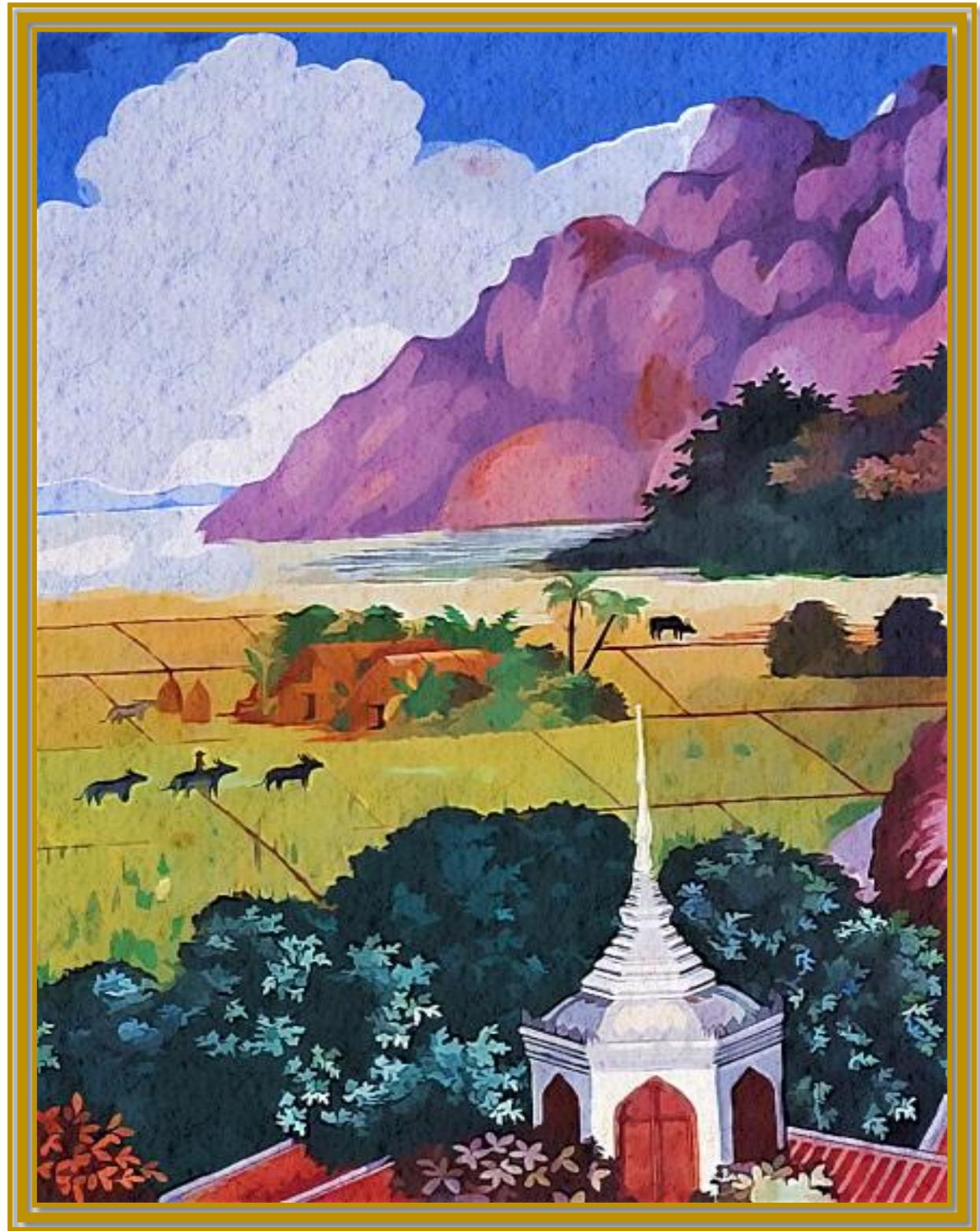
Okagesama = Under the Shadow

Mondai = Problems

Shin Wa Yasashii Hito...Kongo Okitai

Shiteita noni... “***A sweet-hearted person whom...I expected much, in the future.***”

MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE



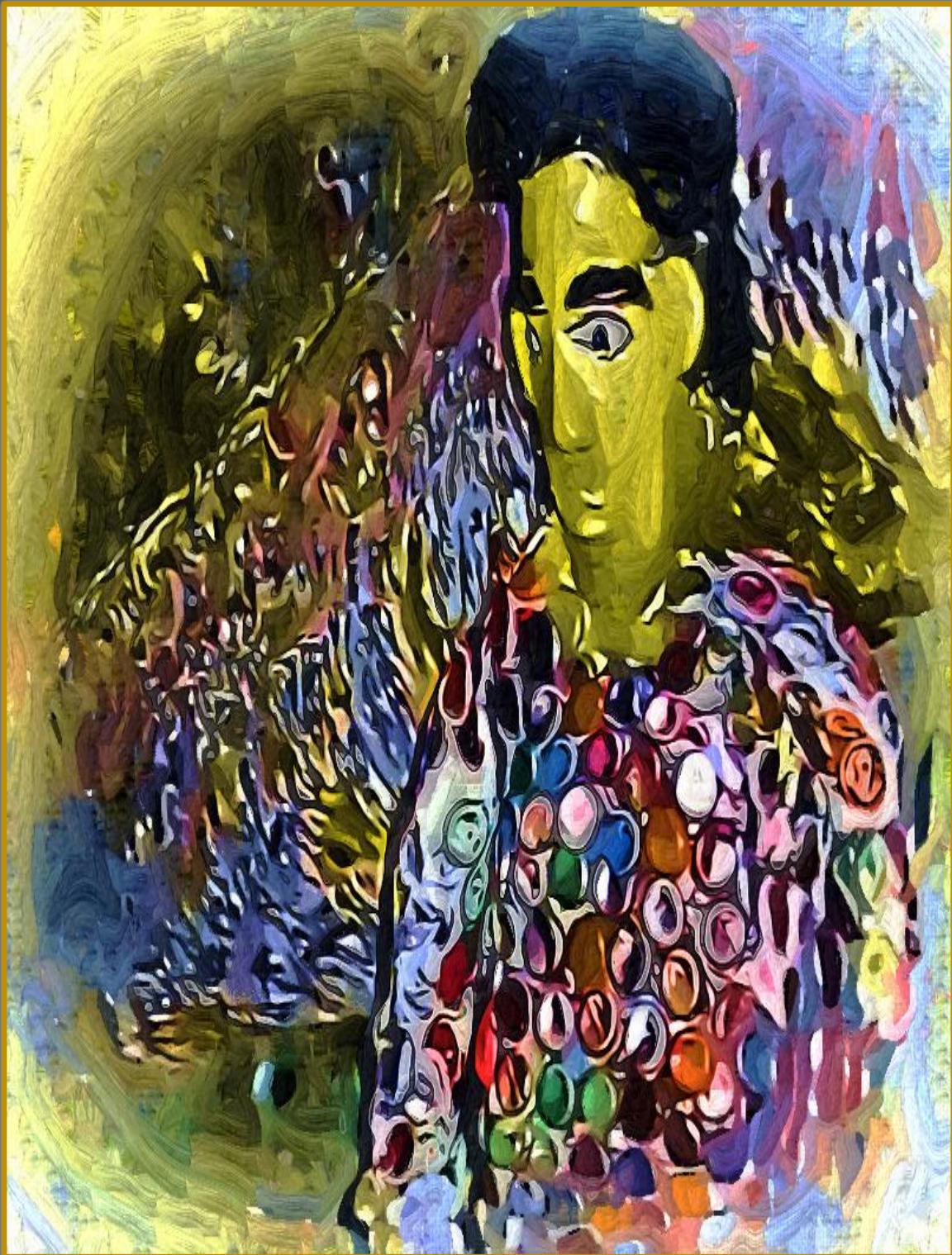
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MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE

“WISH ME”

Wish me a wide grin,
Pour me more rice wine,
Wish me a wide grin
For soon, the dawn will come,
Sending the jaded Jael in,
Draw the curtains wide
And for the last time,
Let the sun touch my cheeks
Wish me a wide grin,
Pour me more rice wine,
Wish me a wide grin
For now, my courage wanes,
The warfarin was a good touch,
This deed must soon be done,
My duty is clear, “ottamu”
Young life, left incomplete.

MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE



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MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE

“White Bottle Gin”

White Bottled Gin, Slugged with a slight grin

 Standing by seaside,

 Acting as first mate and friend

 Left marooned with the Marinates

As you swam out towards deep waters

 Waving out another final farewell

 Aboard the boat of giant sails

White Bottle Gin, Slugged with a slight grin

 Away from the leeward island

 Again collar turned

 Standing by the quarter-deck

 The last ten years fade away

Captain, again, of a mighty rigger

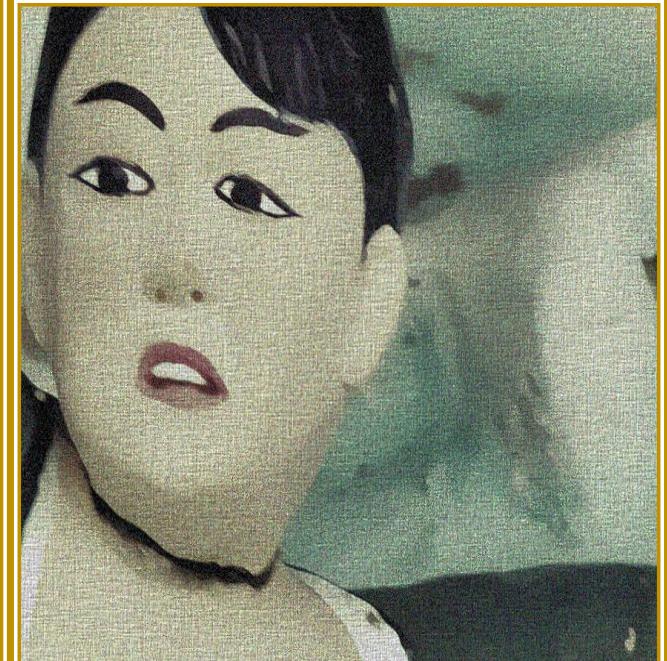
 Your island home, memories locked away

A joke to be shared on a late, midnight watch

 White Bottle Gin

- Emil, 1983

MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE



“Special Decks of Forty”

Special colored decks of 40 playing cards each, deeply illustrated with a rich mixture of images taken directly they say from the gleaming eye of Lady Luck’s cunning and envisioned mythologies that it might, possibly take for someone to defeat her and the house.

MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE

“Special Decks of Forty”

Gambling all night at a crowded table, cautiously awaiting upon the dealer turning the colors as early in this game, one quickly learns to be betting anything other than to be betting with the banker was sure folly against Lady Luck, unless you secretly wished to leave the tables early, poor and broken.

Special colored decks of 40 playing cards each, out in a dusty, cantina bar, out on the very ragged edge of all known civilization, playing amongst local grave robbers and

MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE



GIOVANNI METRO STOP GALLERY

MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE

“Special Decks of Forty”

archeologist interns.

With all hidden cards now showing,
face up upon the crowded table, In
the corner of my eye, the reflecting
beams of the grave robber's exposed
knife blade could be seen
glowing...blinding Lady Luck's
eye...make her turn away for just
that split moment and as if guided by
an inner, a deeper Kismet, the Klepht
Revolutionary Brothers (who had
come late to the game) proceeded to
hold one after another, of what
seemed to be, it seemed to be a

MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE



GIOVANNI METRO STOP GALLERY

MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE

“Special Decks of Forty”

never ending stream of wining hands...As death revels at the shot.

Special colored decks of 40 playing cards each...Colors turned up wrong; something had gone so terribly wrong.

The Banker's bet was lost, our collective fortune mixed with the spoils of the now angry grave robbers was spent, transferred to these two strangers who fell out of the night and into our friendly little cantina bar, but as the Klephts bought another round; even the grave robbers

MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE

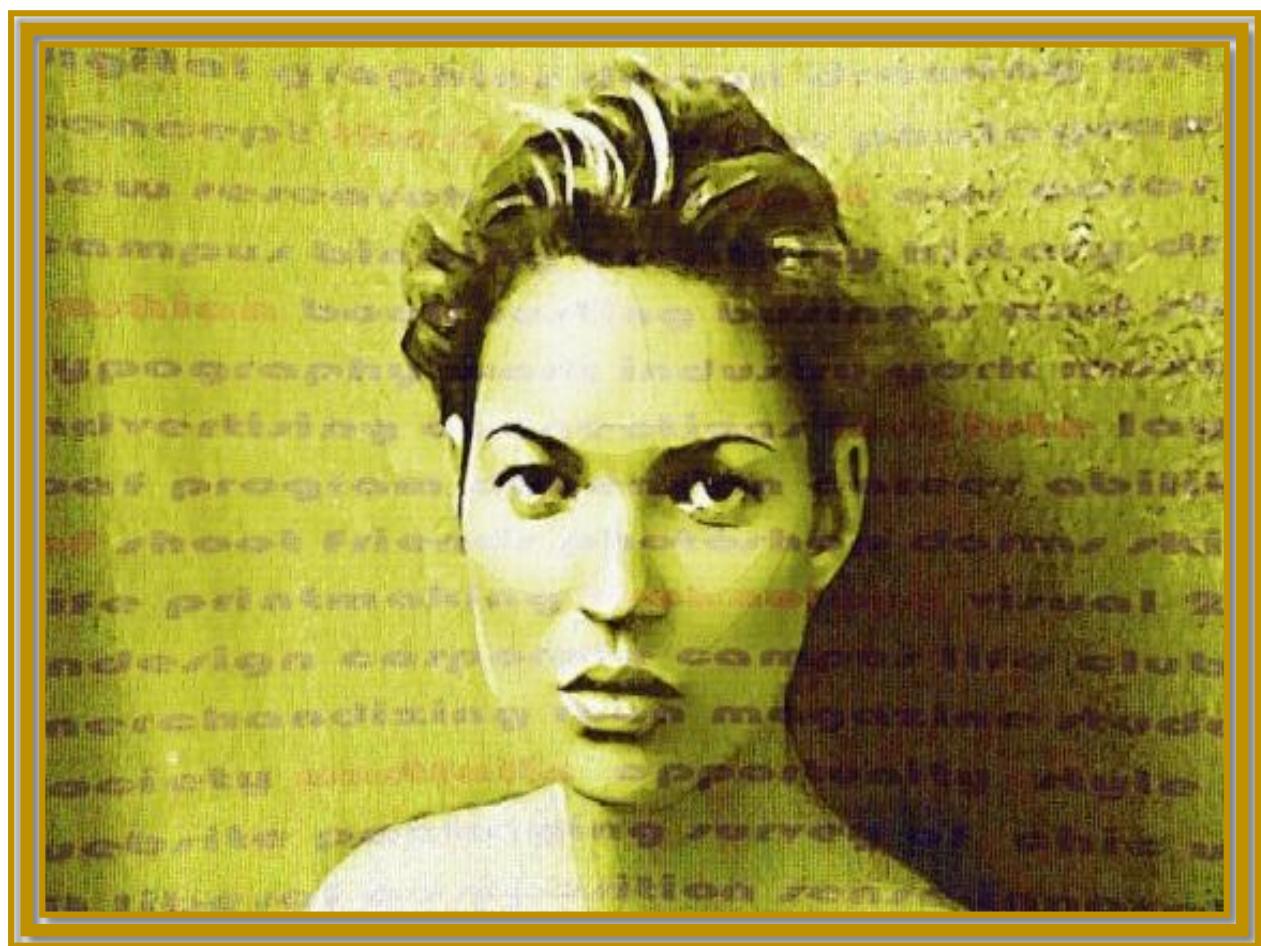


GIOVANNI METRO STOP GALLERY

MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE

“Special Decks of Forty”

warmed and temporal friendship
formed, bought and paid for with the
Klephant Brothers winnings of shinny
Rhine Gold.



MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE

“Memories Never Made As Time Ran Short”

A short time ago, I really made what I hope is a smart choice while I am still at a young age and I might be able to recover if my plans fails to pan out.

I made a difficult, financial decision to cast my faith to the lonely Easternly Winds of hidden mysteries and lost civilizations that they never taught me in school and set out to explore the lesser world not unlike my great uncle Albert but without his holy grail, metaphysical search

MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE



GIOVANNI METRO STOP GALLERY

MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE

“Memories Never Made As Time Ran Short”

For a passage way into another world he called “The Multiverse.”

You might, reasonably, assume that it was all of my great Uncle Albert’s bold tales of grand adventure and life-defying exploits while he traveled to these strange lands that was the inspiration for my own decision but, to be truthful, it was my aunt and uncle had spent their entire life teaching school while bookmarking and cataloging all of their dream adventures they would

MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE



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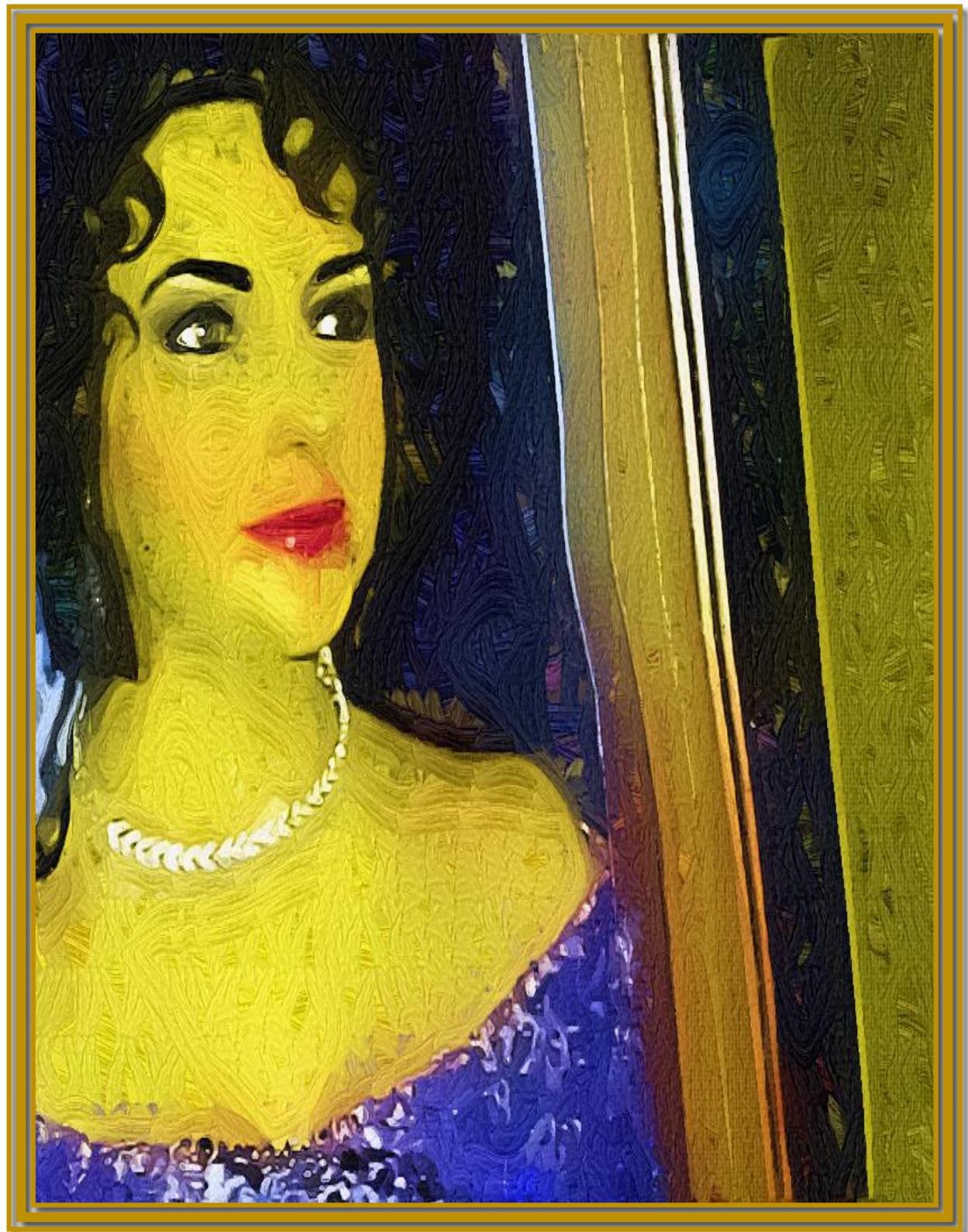
MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE

**“Memories Never Made As
Time Ran Short”**

do once they retired as they religiously book marked every issue of National Geographic Magazine with additional sections duly highlighted or extensively footnoted but, in the end they were never able to realize their dream adventures as their health faded quickly as they reached their planned retirement.

Granted, I was land-strummed and shanghaied long before I was able to complete the tour but never the less; it has left me with more than my

MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE



GIOVANNI METRO STOP GALLERY

MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE

**“Memories Never Made As
Time Ran Short”**

share of exciting adventures and
scary tales to entertain and make me
seem much more interesting than
what I truly, that I am in reality.

I can still feel the coolness of the
midnight air in that lonely, Mexican
bar out on the ragged edge of the
tropic undergrowth in the Yucatan
and I can still tell the tale with the
passion, the heat of the moment of
finding myself, as a young archeology
student, in a bar full of Mayan Grave
Robbers.

MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE



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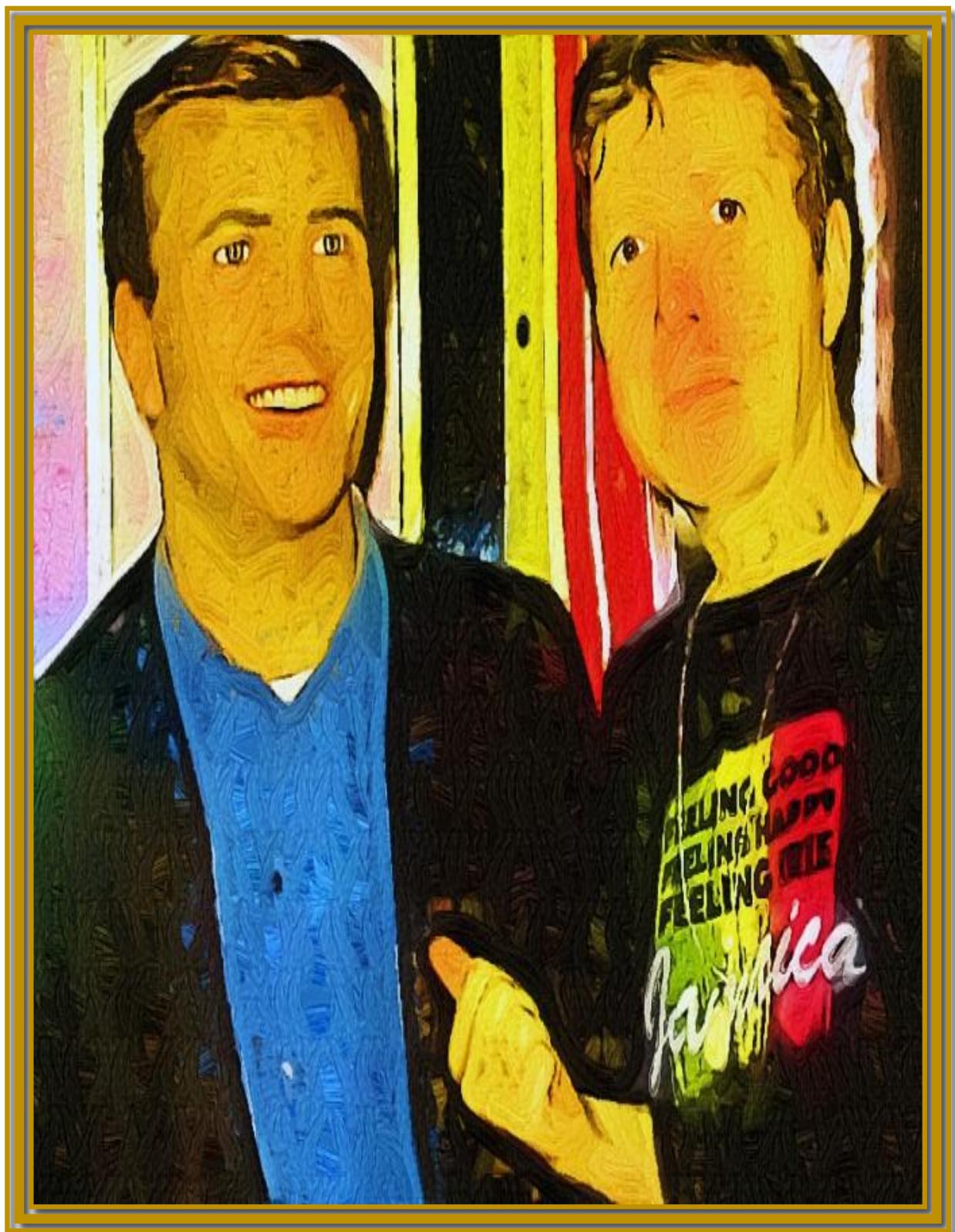
MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE

“Memories Never Made As Time Ran Short”

I can still feel the heat of the Sudanese Desert and still visualize, in my dreams, the high noon stand off with rebel troops while trying to escape over the border with a ragtag company of battered Foreign Legion guys into the safety of Chad.

While the list does extend far beyond this page and that does not include other adventures that I still do not share; I now have come to relish the retelling of these tales as merit badge that I have not frittered

MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE



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MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE

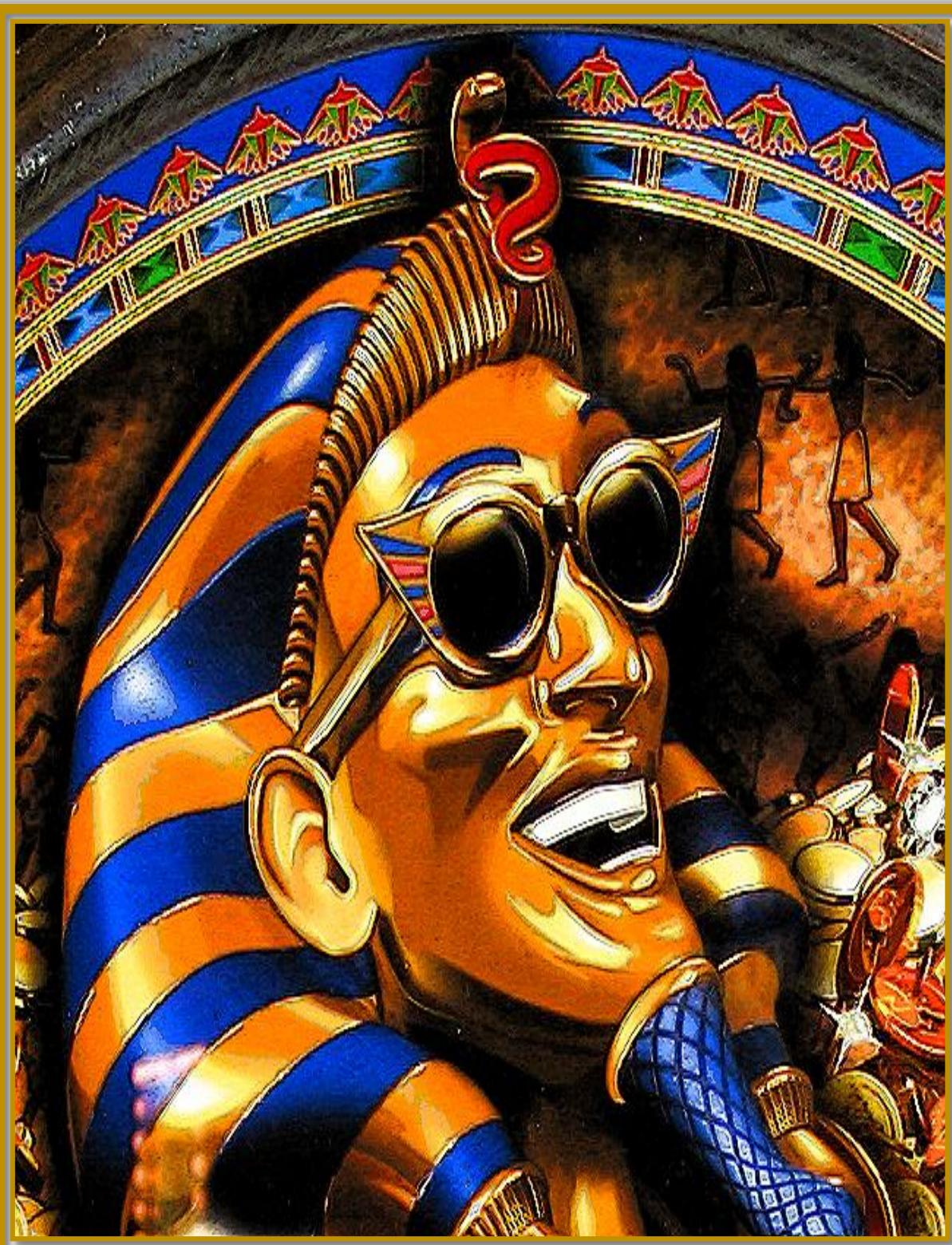
**“Memories Never Made As
Time Ran Short”**

My whole life away with nothing more to share than the bold, crazy story of the deep paper cut that I acquired as a result of the “Great Copy Machine Breakdown at the Government Office” in 1963.

- Emil, 1985



MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE



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MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE

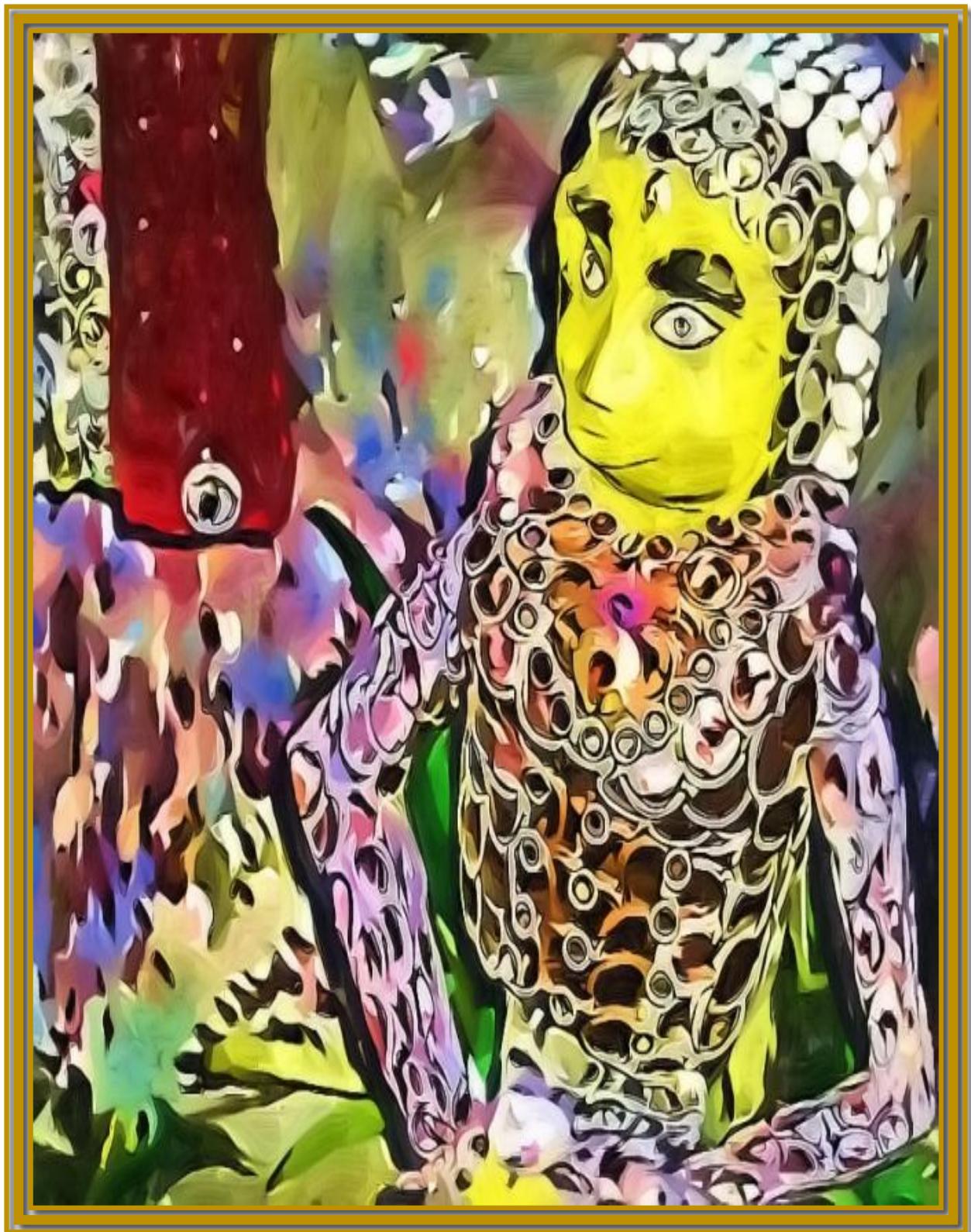
Last thing the **OLD MAN SAID**

Last thing the old man said before he left this world was that his only regret was being forced to leave Paris in 1940 and until his death; it was the saddest day of his life.

I have never been to Paris but; I grew up living a wild life through my dad's great tales of the day when Hemmingway could be found in the nearby café or a bar.

I wish before I join my dad in the wastelands of death; I want to go to Paris and track down his old haunts; see if they are still there. See if anyone might remember that wild-eyed young buck from the Ozarks.

MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE



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MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE



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MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE

The Inward Path of our own

Regeneration

Emerging out from the eitr* of our
own inward void

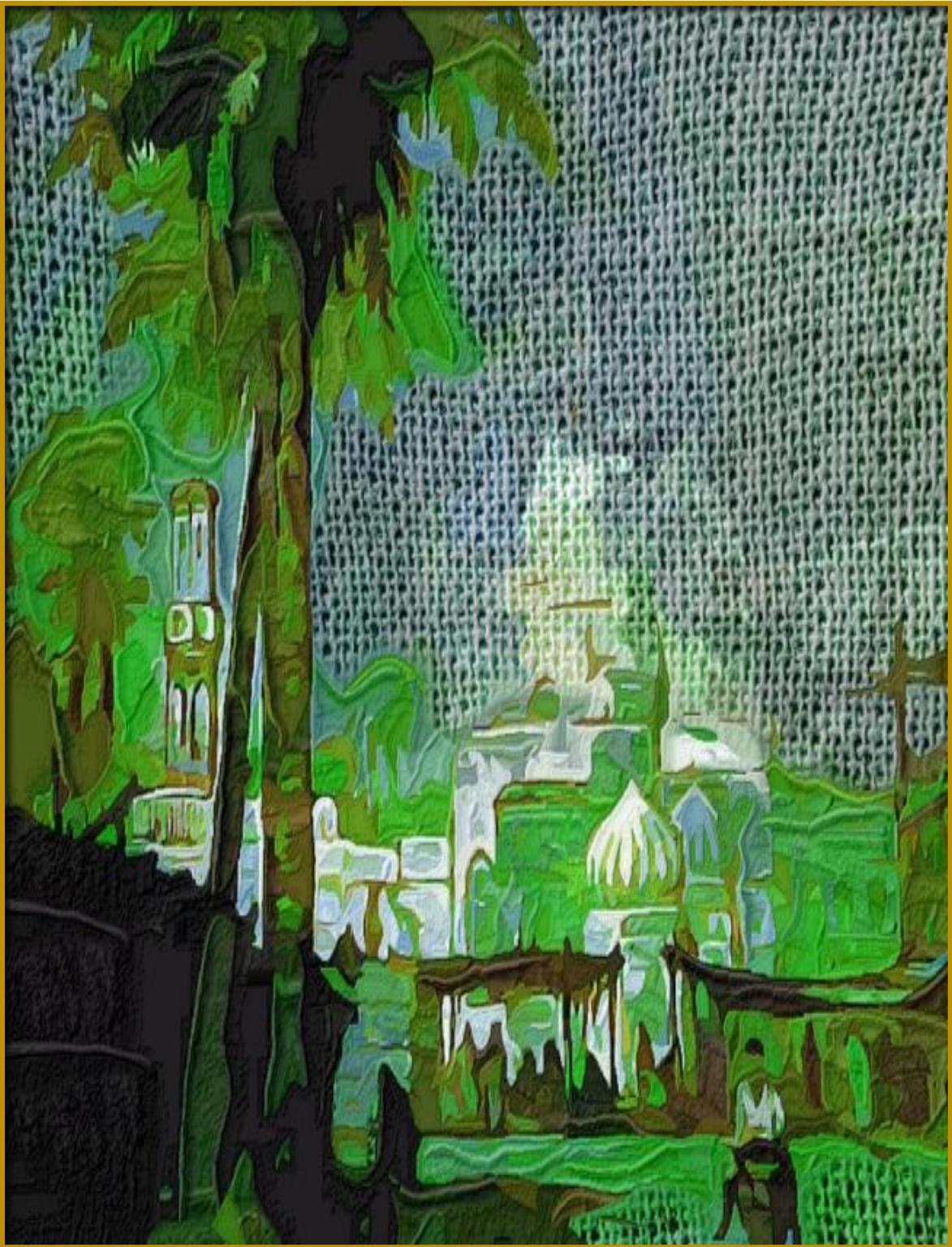
Aimlessly wandering out in its aimless,
broken and barren fields

Stranded out upon the spheres of our
own misgivings
A divine downfall

Each spear written, Bookmarked
Earmarked with all our wrong
decisions

At the edge of the eitr's clearing,
Staring off into the haze
Stands all the great alters
Built upon Embers of angered past

MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE



GIOVANNI METRO STOP GALLERY

MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE

The Inward Path of our own

Regeneration

Driven by all the remaining glimpses
of lost

Faded passions

Lurked out from the fields of our own
Degeneration

Mumbling out a pitiful cry

A simple plea, a vocal prayer

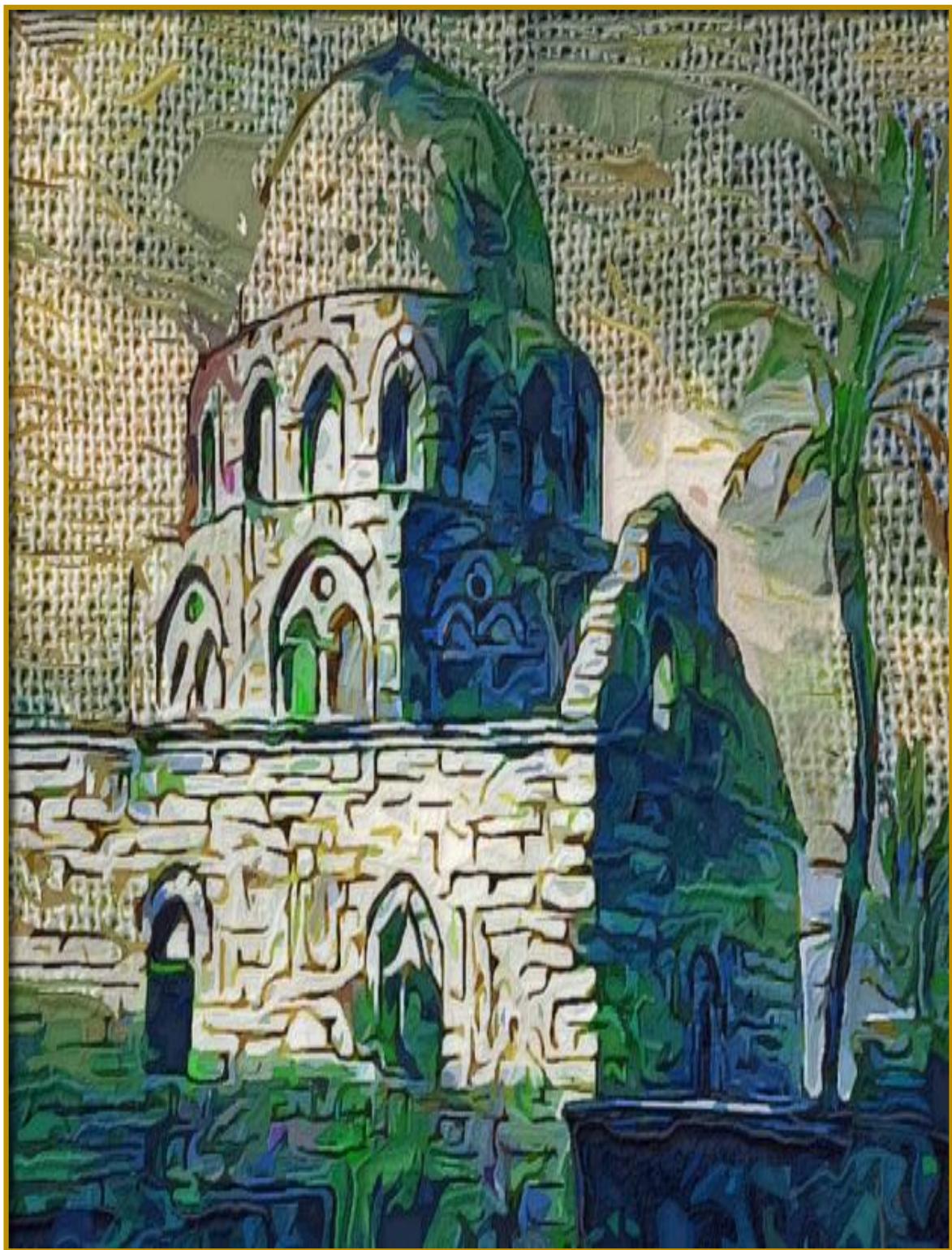
For re-generation

So gently unleashed from urgent
Departed lips

As swiftly Degeneration creeps,
It cascades, falling back in upon us

In an endless torrent of rushing waves
Casting us back

MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE



GIOVANNI METRO STOP GALLERY

MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE

The Inward Path of our own

Regeneration

Down into void

Of all our own homegrown

Degeneration

One last escaping attempt

Blindly out through the maze

Out into the paths of awaiting
uncertainty

Armed only with a tattered spirit
guide

An ancient prayer book, bookmarked

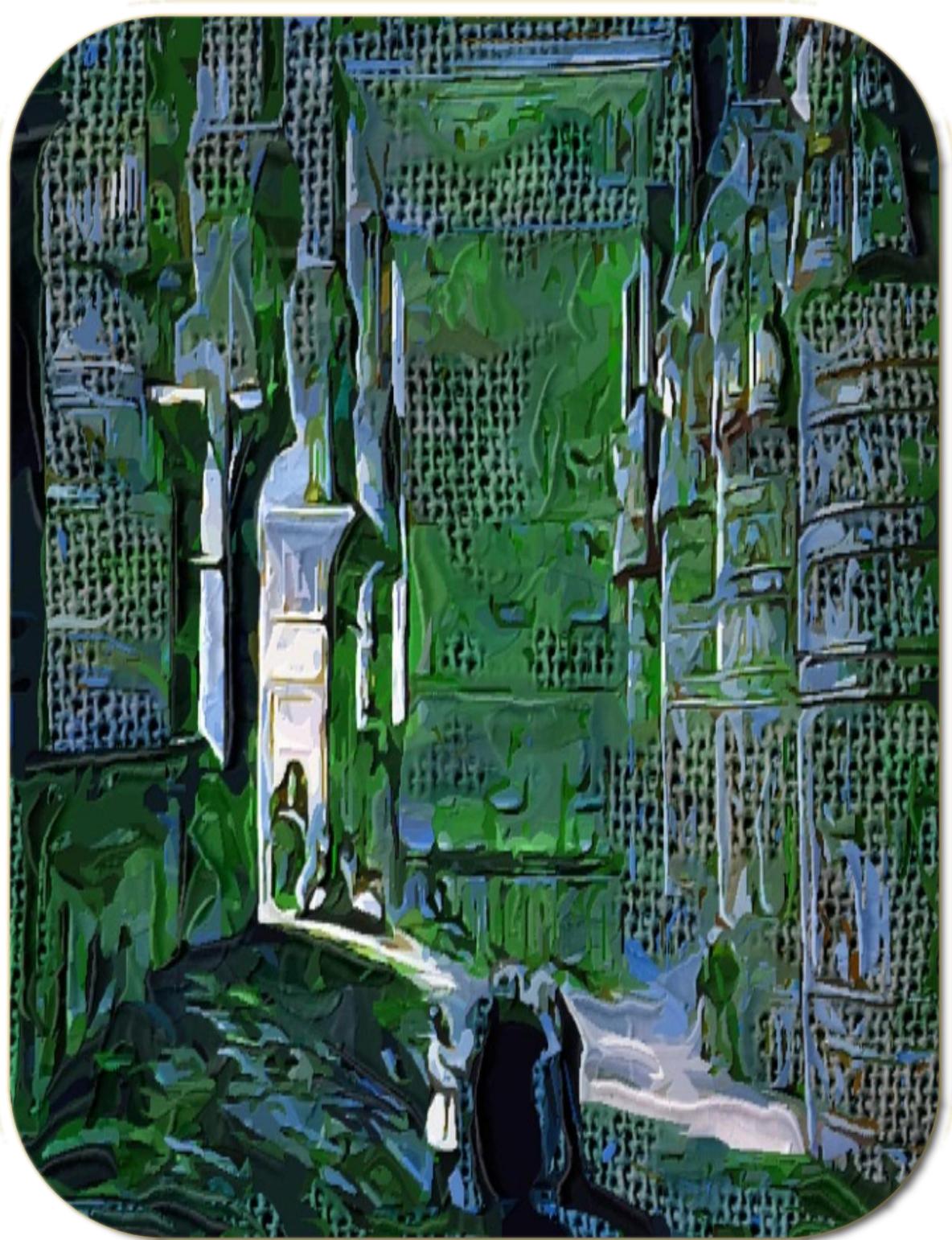
Highlighted with all the answers

That the guardians of the gates might

Be tempted, prompted to ask

Riding high up upon

MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE



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MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE

The Inward Path of our own

Regeneration

The echoed sounds of chaos

Burying our Whisper plea

Out into any,

All awaiting ears

From Degeneration to Revelation

To again rebirth and Regeneration

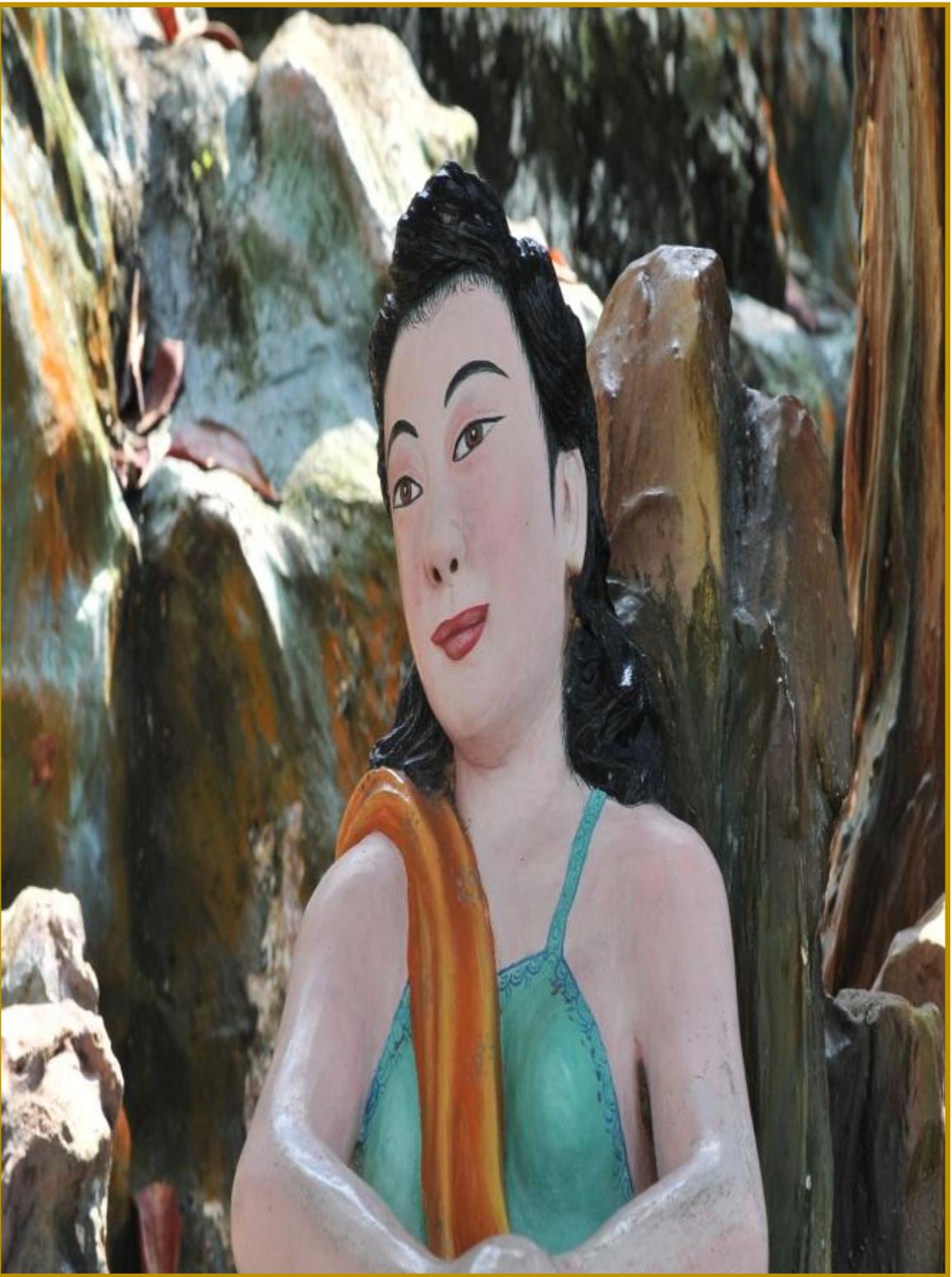
*Eitr is a mythical substance in Norse mythology. This liquid substance is the origin of all living things, the first giant Ymir was conceived from eitr. The substance is supposed to be very poisonous and is also produced by Jörmungandr (the Midgard serpent) and other serpents.

MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE



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MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE



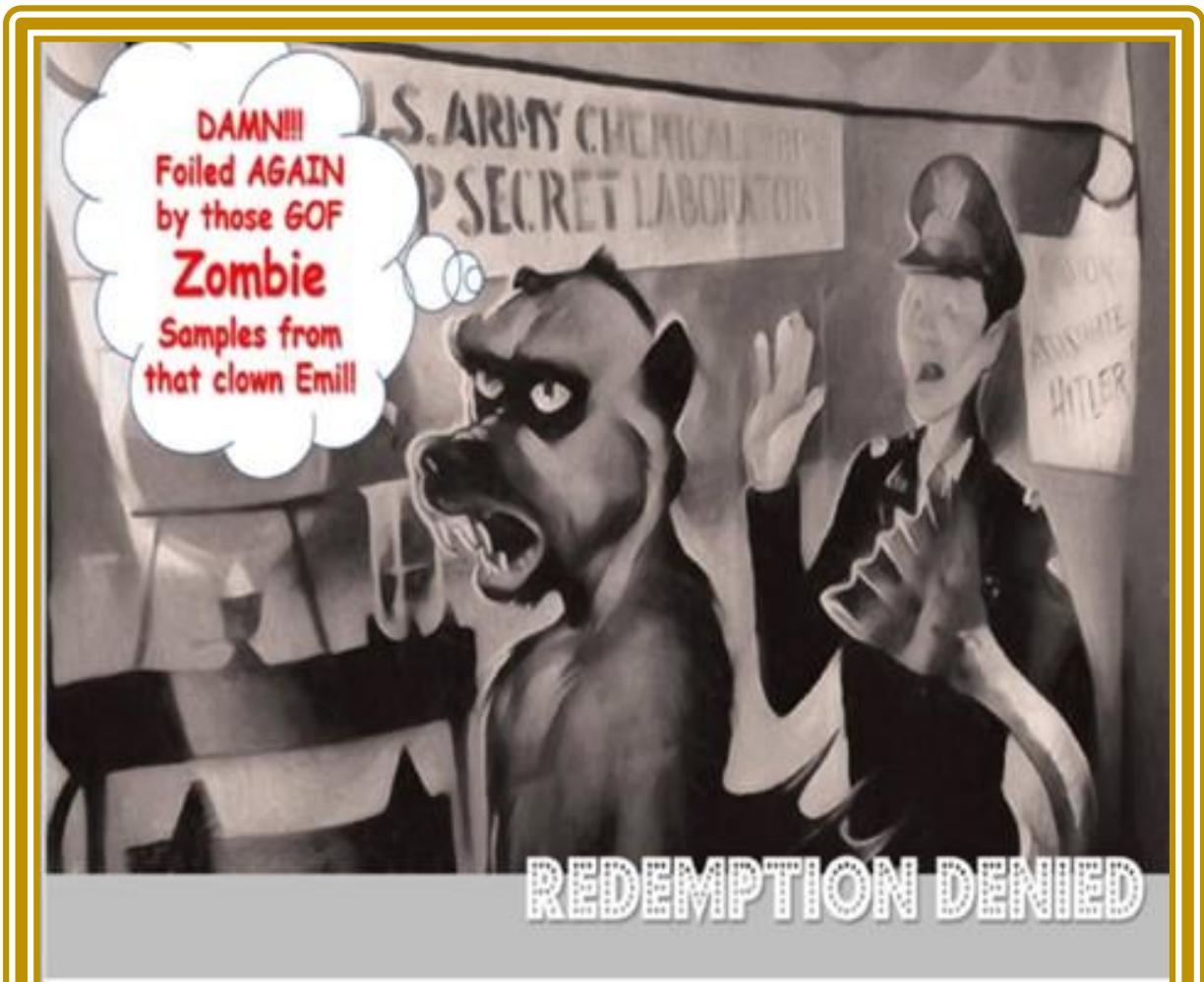
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SKETCHES FROM THE
GREAT AHRIMAN
SOCIAL RESET REVOLUTION



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KITKAT GENTLEMAN'S LOUNGE
ZHONGSHAN ROAD, INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENT
SHANGHAI, REPUBLIC OF CHINA

MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE

OLD UNCLE ALBERT'S SNAPSHOTS OF
THE LOST CHILDREN OF MU



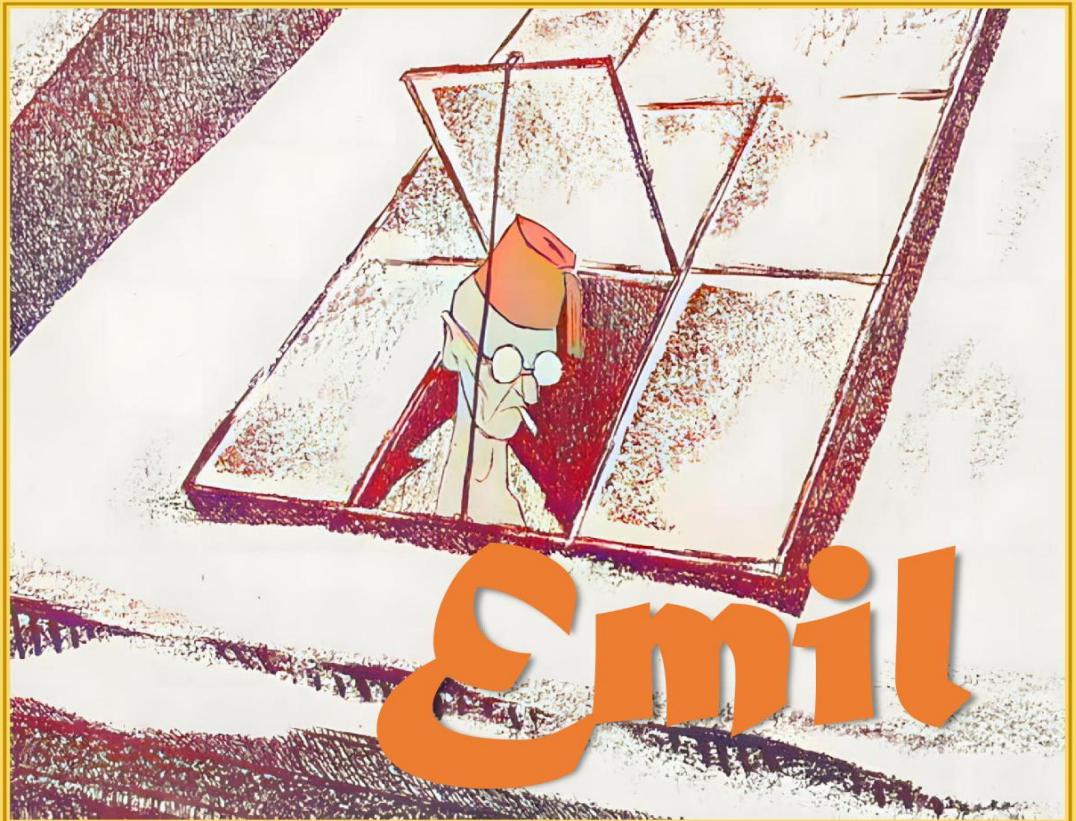
Emil

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MYTHOLOGY OF A LONG REMEMBERED SMILE

*RETURNING TO A NORMAL LIFE
AMIDST THE CHAOS OF WAR*

DANZIG - 1943



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